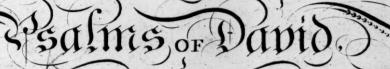
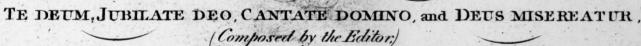
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INTRODUCTION.

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pies.

Some of my Readers may perhaps remark, that many works of a nature fimilar to the present selection, arranged by men distinguished in the science of Music, are already before the world, and consequently may not discern the utility of another publication. But, as the plan and design of the following little work differ in many respects from any which have hitherto passed under my observation, I shall hazard it to the judgment of the candid. It is intended, and will, I hope, be found calculated, to facilitate and improve that delightful part of Public Worship—Singing Praises to our Creator and Redeemer—which ought not to be confined, in my opinion, to a few individuals, but should be rendered general in every Congregation. I shall, therefore, proceed to make some observations on the Matter, the Words, the Music, and the Manner of Performance most adapted to mixed assemblies. Hence, I slatter myself, the reasons which have led me to the present undertaking, will be obvious and satisfactory.

ON THE MATTER.

THE Pfalms and Hymns most proper for Congregations are such as consist of Supplication, Praise, and Thanksgiving. Great pains have therefore been taken in this book to select those portions of the Psalms which suit the general condition of Christians; and those passages which are merely historical, or particularly descriptive of the state of the sewish nation, have been omitted.

ON THE WORDS.

THE Words are taken from the Version of Tate and Brady, with a few alterations; of which the design in some instances is to improve the Poetry, in others to give a Sense nearer to the Prose, or adjust the Words the better to the Music. For, as the Accent is always regular in a musical Movement, so it should be in the Words, in order to make them coincide in point of Accent and Expression.

THE Words of the Psalms are generally accented on the 2d, 4th, 6th, and 8th syllables, as in the 121st Psalm, page 35,
To Heav'n' I list' my waiting eyes'.

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The Music is accented in the same manner, as in Bilston tune; but when we come to the third verse, the Accent, according to Tate and Brady, is on the first and fourth syllables, instead of the second and fourth, thus____

Shel'ter'd beneath' th' Almigh'ty's wings',

which cannot agree with the Accent of the same Music. But if the Words be thus altered,

Beneath' th' Almigh'ty's shel't'ring wings',

their Accent will perfectly coincide with that of the Music; and the line, without altering the sense, may be equally poetical.

So the last verse of the 97th Psalm, here adapted to Surry tune, page 29, which makes a complete cadence in D. at the end of the second line, rendering the sense of the Music as perfect as a colon would the sense of the Words, in Tate and Brady, runs thus _____ Rejoice ye righteous in the Lord:

Memorials of His holiness

Deep in your faithful breasts record,

And with your thankful tongues confess,

ACCORDING to this, the Sense of the Words is imperfect, where that of the Music is complete; which is undoubtedly a great impropriety; but, when the verse is sung thus, it is removed:

Rejoice ye righteous in the Lord,
And let your voice your thanks express;
Deep in your faithful hearts record
Memorials of His holiness.

CERTAIN it is, that if different Music be composed for the whole of a Psalm instead of one Verse, as Denmark tune in page 61, those defects may be avoided, without altering the Words; but Congregations would find it too difficult to fing, or retain, many tunes of so great a length. In this selection of Words, the personal pronouns are sometimes made plural, by substituting We for I, Our for My, a change apparently more adapted to a Congregation of people. For these and similar reasons, it is hoped the alterations in the Words will not be thought unnecessary or improper.

ON THE MUSIC.

As I have before observed that this Work is intended to promote general singing in Public Worship; then, supposing the plan to be admitted as consistent with propriety, every thing that tends in any degree to obstruct its general reception, should be removed: for this reason I consider Fugues, Anthems, and Solos, to be improper; for, though a capital Fugue, as an instrumental performance, has undoubtedly a very fine effect, yet I cannot think the effect of it by any means good when performed as a vocal piece of Sacred Music, in which the Words are repeated many times, and the Singers are pronouncing different Words in different parts at the same time, (as Dr. Burney observes) "with the clamour of ill bred disputants, who are talking all at once," till the sense of the sacred Words is entirely sung away, and the performance rendered more like vain babbling or a consustion of tongues, than an act of Devotion. In many country Churches, I

have frequently heard some of the worst portions of the Psalms, from Sternhold and Hopkins' version, sung in ill-confirudted Fugues, replete with disallowances or false concords, with the words so broken, and words and half-words repeated and jumbled together in a manner seemingly more calculated to raise the idea of a Catch Club, than to inspire Devotion; and the Congregation, being excluded from joining, by the nature of the Music, are often obliged patiently to hear this jargon. The less, perhaps, the words are repeated the better, for if they be once well expressed it is surely sufficient; repetitions lessen the force in almost every instance; and if the words are to be sung and repeated until the Sense be lost, it would be equally proper and less profane to sing Sol la mi fa, &c.

The Tunes which I have felected and composed for this work, will, I hope, be found expressive of the Words to which they are adapted. I likewise think that singing in two Parts, Treble or Tenor, and Bass, is preserable to sour Parts attempted, and not well performed. The usual manner of executing the four Parts in country Churches is very singular; for the Air, or principal Part, is uniformly sung by Tenor Voices, and the other two Parts, which should be Accompaniments to the Air and Bass, are sung by Treble and Counter-Tenor Voices; and are thereby frequently rendered too predominant; and, for want of sufficient Voices, the Treble is often omitted, and the Counter made completely to overpower the Air, by being played on a Clarinet of two, and in the Treble Octave.

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As I imagine these to be great improprieties, I hope it will be allowed to be better to attempt no more Parts than the Air and the Bass, as Boys' and Women's Voices, by finging an Octave from the Men's, will be found to have a more pleasing effect than four Parts improperly performed. The performance, besides, of four Parts, is attended with too much difficulty for Congregations in general; and where there is an Organ, the harmony may be sufficiently complete without.

DR. BURNEY observes, and I think very justly, that "a certain degree of simplicity is necessary in Choral Music, to "render it suitable to the purposes of Devotion, which seem to demand a clear, distinct, and articulate pronunciation of the "Words: and that the duration of the Notes, whether applied to Verse or Prose, should be proportioned to the length of "the Syllables." And in another place. "All the Voices should pronounce the same Word in the same Accent, and at "the same Time; which would greatly facilitate to the Congregation, the intelligence of what is sung; this is often un"necessarily prevented by Ligatures and Divisions in one Part more than another."

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THE abovementioned species of Music, spoken of by Dr. Burney, and particularly recommended by the late ingenious Mr. Mason, Precentor of York, is what I have made my chief model in composing the Te Deum, Jubilate Deo, Cantate Domino, and Deus misereatur, for this Work; and I slatter myself that the Music will be found to express the Words according to their Sense, Accent, Syllabic Quantity, and Rhythm.

THE number of Pfalms and Hymns in this work is eighty-fix; and, if each were adapted to different Music, the Tunes would be too numerous for a Congregation to retain: I have, therefore, limited their number to about forty; which will give a sufficient variety. I have altered some of the Old Melodies a little, by way of modernizing them, or to make the Accent agree regularly with the Words.

I BEG leave to recommend the Pfalms to be fung in the order in which they are placed in the Index, except when some are required upon particular occasions; and then reference may be made to the table which follows the Index.

ON THE PERFORMANCE OF SACRED MUSIC.

I BELIEVE it will be generally allowed, that the most proper manner of performing Sacred Music, is such as the Sense of the Words seems to dictate; therefore, it would be as improper to drawl out the Notes to a tedious unmeaning length, as it would be to perform them in a light trivial manner, which could not fail of disgusting a devout Congregation. But, as the original intention of singing Psalms and Hymns must have been to impress the mind in a more forcible manner than by barely reading the Words, and consequently to excite a more fervent Devotion, that mode of Performance is necessary which can best express the Words, and excite the heart and mind to unite warmly in that essential part of Divine Service. I have, in this book, placed directions to the Words of each Psalm and Hymn, pointing out their style, whether Solemn, Supplicating, Majestic or Cheerful. In this I have been directed by the Sense of the Words; and, it is hoped, they will be particularly observed by the principal Leader, whether Organist or other Performer.

WHERE there is an Organ, it is, I believe, the general custom (and it is very proper) to play the Tune once over before the People begin to sing. This I think should be done in exactly the same style in which it is intended to be sung, Air and Bass, entirely without chords, and with very sew ornaments indeed, but in a communicating manner; as it is intended to convey to the Congregation a just idea of the Melody.

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THE Interludes here introduced are very short, that they may not seem impertinent, but give a respite to the Voices, between the Verses, without interrupting the Sense; which must be the intention of Interludes, and should, therefore, be omitted where the Sense of the Verse is incomplete. The Interlude should, in general, be softer than the rest of the

Tune; but it may be varied by the judicious Performer, according to the import of the Words, which in this Work will always be seen at the same view as the Music; and which are marked as they ought to be performed, Loud or Sost. It is much to be wished that the custom of performing on the Organ the first and last Verses of a Psalm loud, and the intermediate ones soft, were abolished; as it often causes a glaring impropriety in musical expression. For instance, the second verse of the 33d Psalm.

Let all the pow'rs that men can raise,

In joyful concert meet,

according to that custom would be performed in a soft tender manner, though the Words require a particular exertion of powers; and so in the 29th Psalm, and many others.

In the Pfalm Tunes, no pause, I think, is required but at the end of the Verse, except a short one where the sense is persect, and that should be made rather by shortening a long note than by breaking the regular order of the Time; for if the Rhythm, or natural musical phrases are observed, there will always be found a sufficient number of places for the purpose of taking breath

I HAVE ventured to speak my sentiments freely on the preceding topics; but let me not be considered as a Dictator to Senior Organists, or any Person of superior abilities; I only wish to expose the improprieties above specified to those who have never, perhaps, investigated this subject. And if my remarks and opinions should be thought peculiar, by any of my Readers, I beg leave to recommend to their perusal "Essays on Church Music" by Mr. Mason, whom I have mentioned before, and with whose sentiments I almost generally agree.

William Gresham.

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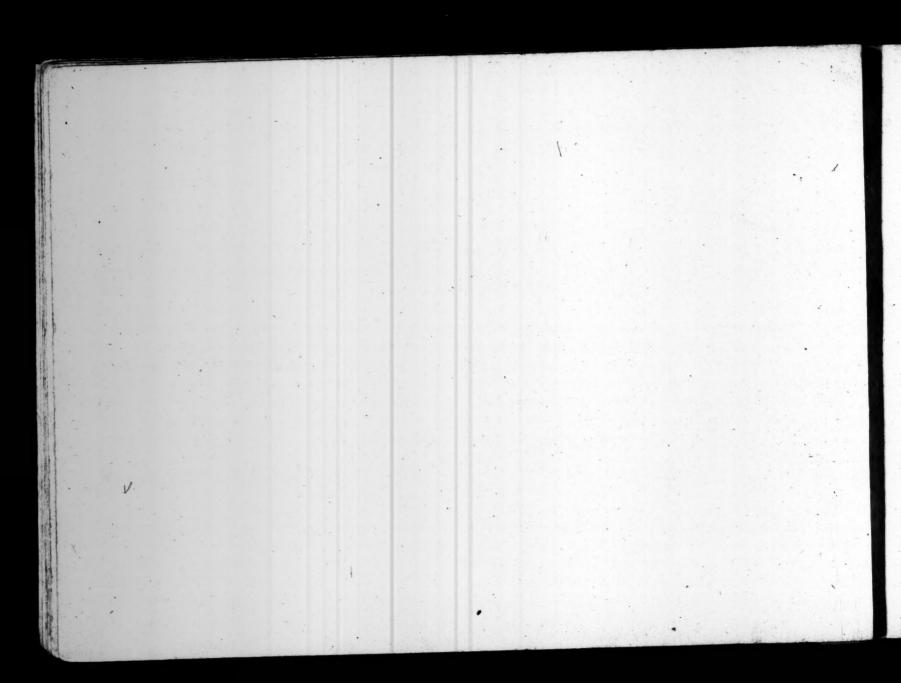
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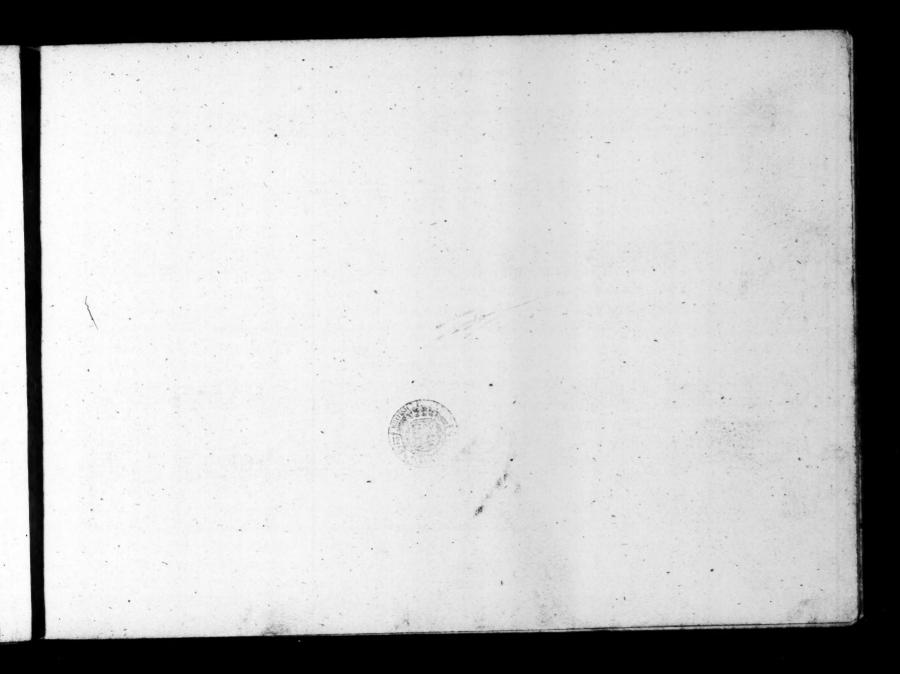
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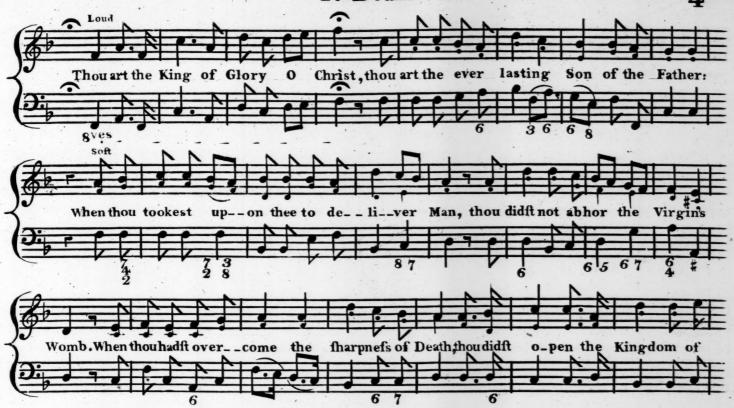


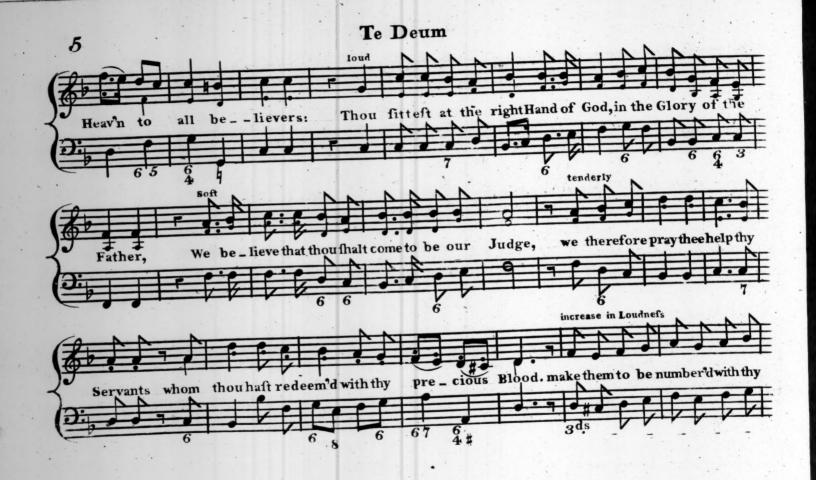


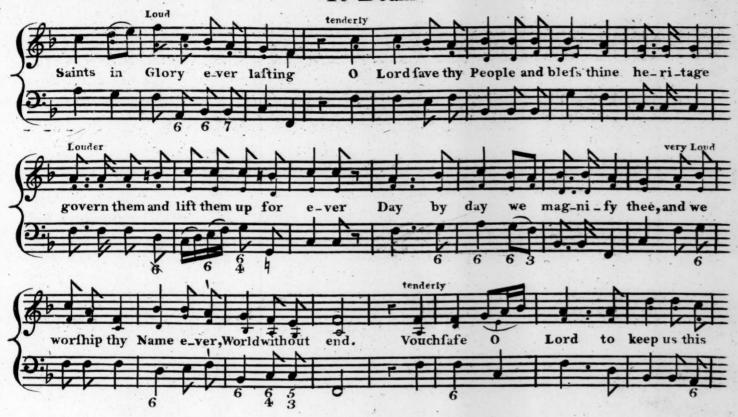


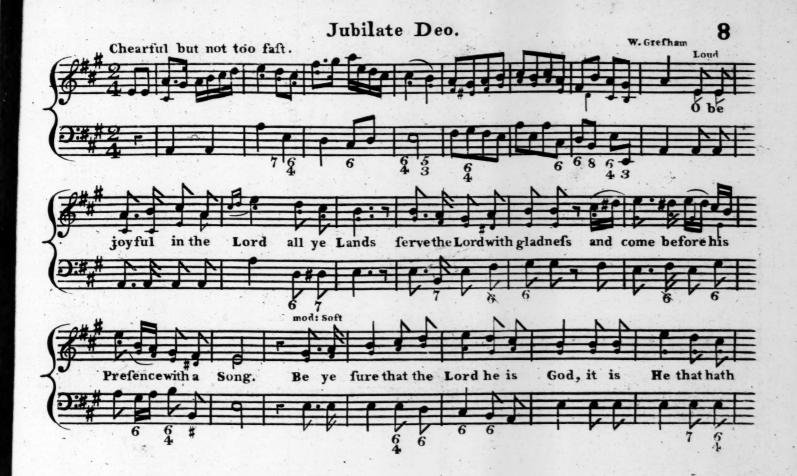


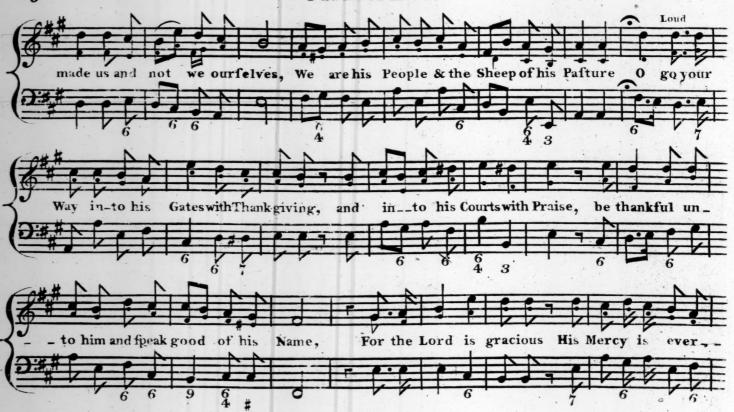






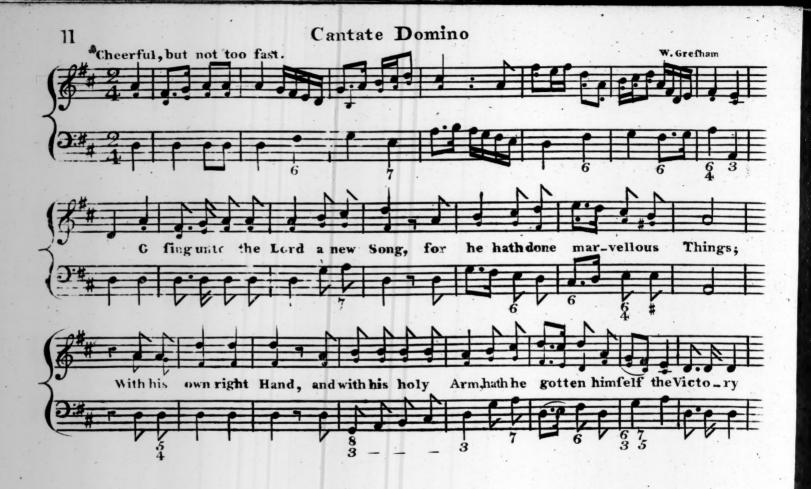


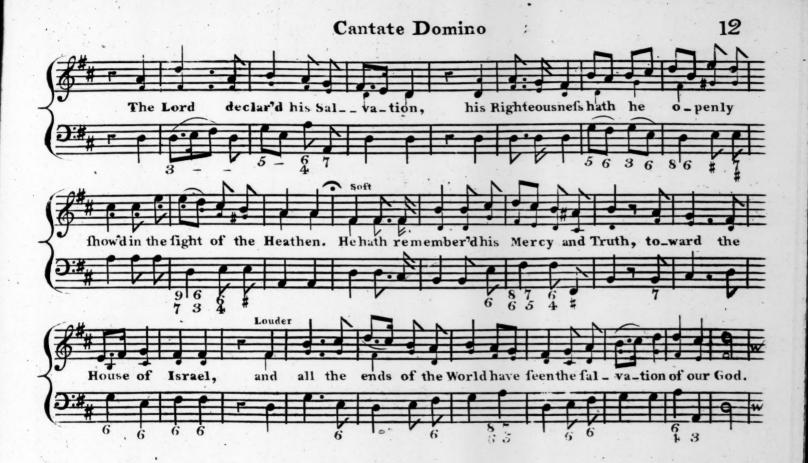




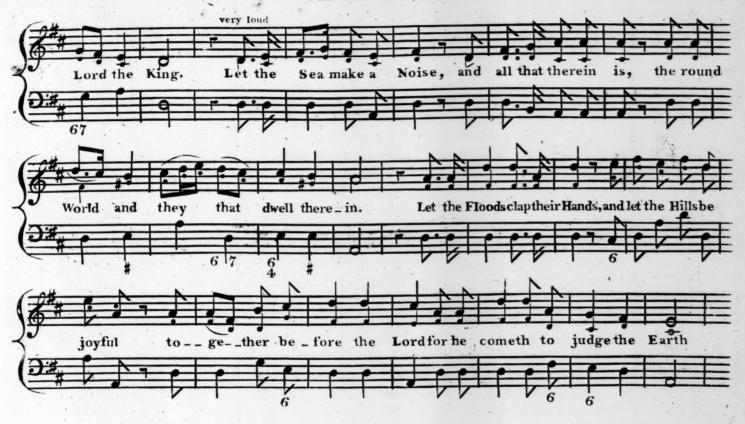
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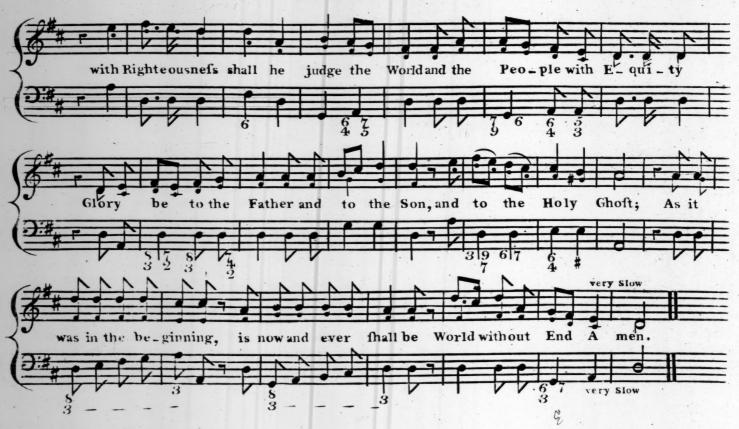
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PSALMS AND HYMNS.

PSALM I.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 6.

(Moderately flow, and rather foud.)

How bleft is he who ne'er confents
By ill advice to walk:
Nor stands in finners' ways, nor fits
Where men profanely talk.

Who makes the perfect law of God His business and delight; Devoutly reads therein by day, And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams, With timely fruit does bend, So he shall flourish; and success Shall his designs attend.

For God approves the just man's ways, To happiness they tend: But signers, and the paths they tread, Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM LVI.

Ver. 10.

(Moderately flow, and rather loud.)

The ever faithful word of God,
The comfort of our days,
Demands from us the humblest thanks,
And highest notes of praise.

We trust in God, and difregard
The force which man can bring:
Our grateful thanks we now present
To our Eternal King:
(No intertude:)

Who hath redeem'd our fouls from death,
And doth our lives fecure:
'Tis He alone doth give us health,
And make our footsteps sure:

(No interlude.)

That thus protected by his pow'r, We may his light enjoy; And in the fervice of our God, Our lengthen'd days employ.

PSALM CXVI.

Ver. 5.

(Moderately flow, and rather foft.)

How just and merciful is God! How gracious is the Lord! Who saves the harmless, and to me Does timely help afford.

Then, free from pensive cares, my soul,
Resume thy wonted rest;
For God has wond'rously to thee
His bounteous love exprest.

When death alarm'd me, he remov'd My danger and my fears; My feet from falling he fecur'd, And dry'd my eyes from tears. (Loud.)

Therefore my life's remaining years,
Which God to me shall lend,
Will I, in praises to his name,
And in his service spend.





PSALM II.

Ver 1, 2, 3, 11, 12.

(Slow and foft.)

Why did the Jews conspire to flay
The righteous Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his Laws away,
And strive to tread his Gospel down?
(Loud.)

"Come let us break his bands, fay they,
"This man shall never give us laws:"
(Soft.)

And thus they cast his yoke away,
And nail'd the Saviour to the cross.

(Loud.)

But God, who high in glory reigns,
Derides their pride, their rage controuls;
He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,
And speak in thunder to their souls.

Yet bleft are they who ferve the Lord, And meekly reverence His name, Embrace the Son, believe His word, And hope falvation by the fame.

PSALM XL.

Ver. 1, 2, 5, 16.

(Slow and foft.)

To fuch as humbly feek the Lord, And patiently address their cry; He will His gracious ear afford, And soon vouchsafe a kind reply.

He took us from the dismal pit,
When founder'd deep in miry clay;
Upon a rock He plac'd our feet,
And taught our wand'ring steps the way.
(Loud.)

Who can the wond'rous works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us haft wrought?
The treasures of Thy love surmount
The pow'rs of number, speech, and thought.

All those who humbly seek Thy face,
To joyful triumphs shall be rais'd;
And all who prize Thy saving grace,
Will thus resound, The Lord be prais'd.

PSALM III.

Ver. 3, 5, 6, 8.

(Not too flow, and moderately loud.)

The mighty Lord is our defence,
On Him our hopes depend;
He us exalts, and deigns to be
Our everlasting friend.
(Rather Soft.)
For whensoever in distress,
To Him we make our pray'r,
He hears us from His holy seat,
And saves us from despair.

Protected by His guardian care,
Our fweet repose we take;
Thro' Him we do securely sleep,
Thro' Him in safety wake.
(Very Loud.)
Salvation to the Lord belongs,
Who only can defend;
His blessing He extends to all
That on His pow'r depend.

PSALM LXXII.

Ver. 13, 17, 19.

(Not too flow, and moderately loud.)

God, who provides for needy fouls, Doth due fupplies prepare, And over our defenceless lives, Doth watch with tender care.

The mem'ry of His glorious name
Thro' endless years shall run;
His spotless fame shall shine more bright
And lasting than the sun.

In Him the nations of the world
Shall be completely blefs'd,
And His unbounded mercies be
By ev'ry tongue confefs'd.
(Very Loud.)
Let earth be with His glory fill'd,
And ever blefs His name;
His praife let all th'admiring world
With glad applause proclaim.

PSALM CXLV.

Ver. 14.

(Moderately loud, and not too flow.)

THE Lord does them restore that fall,
He makes the prostrate rise;
For His kind aid all creatures call,
Who timely food supplies.

Whate'er our various wants require, With open hand He gives; And fatisfies the just defire Of ev'ry thing that lives

How holy is the Lord! How just!

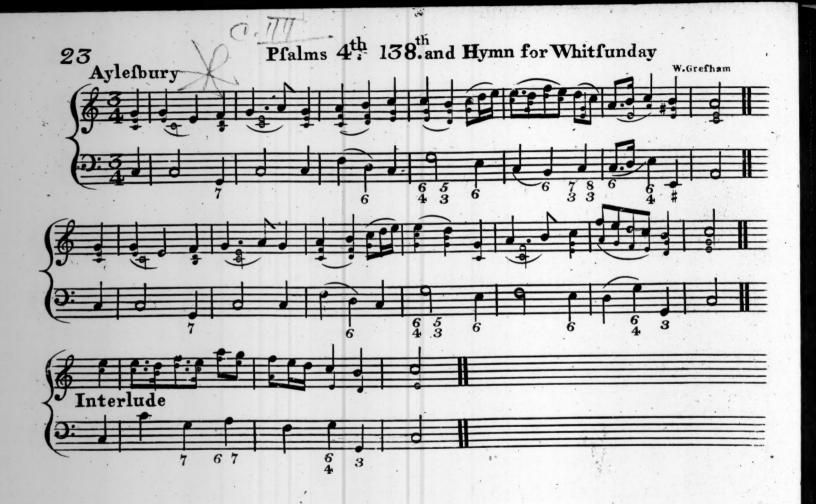
How righteous all his ways!

How nigh to Him, who with firm trust,

For His affistance prays.

He grants the full defires of those
Who Him with fear adore,
And will their troubles soon compose,
When they His aid implore.

Pfalms 3d 72d and 145th ver: 14th. Stroudwater



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PSALM IV.

Ver. 3, 4, 5, 7.

(Rather flow, and not too loud.)

THE Lord, who makes the righteous man His own peculiar choice, Whene'er the just address their pray'r Will always hear their voice.

Then stand in awe of His commands, Shun ev'ry thing that's ill; Commune in private with your hearts, And bend them to His will.

The place of other facrifice
Let righteousness supply;
And let your hope, securely fix'd,
On God alone rely.

So shall your hearts o'erslow with joy,
More lasting and more true,
Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine
Successively renew.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 8.

(Not too flow, and very loud.)

With all our might, O God, and King, Thy praife we will proclaim; Before the heav'nly pow'rs we'll fing, And blefs Thy holy name.

We'll worship at Thy sacred seat, And, with Thy love inspir'd, Thy mercies and Thy truth repeat, O'er all Thy works admir'd. (Soft.)

Thou graciously inclin'st Thine ear,
When we to Thee do cry;
And, when our souls are press'd with fear,
Dost inward strength supply.
(Loud.)

Thou, Lord, whose mercies ever last,
Wilt fix our happy state;
And, mindful of Thy savours past,
Wilt Thine own work complete.

HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

(Rather flow, and not too loud.)

Come, Holy Ghost, eternal God, Proceeding from above, Both from the Father, and the Son, The God of Peace and Love.

Thou art the only Comforter,
To all who are distress'd;
The heav'nly gift of God most high,
Which cannot be express'd.

Illumine all our minds, we pray, And all our hearts inspire; That truth and godliness may be Our principal desire.

And, that our wants may be supply'd,
Assist us when we pray;
And be our blessed Comforter,
In judgment's awful day.

PSALM VIII.

Ver. 1, 2, 9.

(Loud, and not very flow.)

O Gon to whom all creatures bow Within this earthly frame; Thro' all the world how great art Thou! How glorious is Thy name!

In Heav'n Thy wond'rous acts are fung
By bleffed spirits there:
On earth Thou mak'ft the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

Thro' Thee the weak confound the strong,
And overcome Their foes;
And so Thou still'st the wicked throng,
Which Thee and Thine oppose.

(Very Loud.)

O God, who rul'ft the worlds above, And govern'ft earth the fame; To man, how wonderful Thy love! How glorious is Thy name.

PSALM LXXXIV.

Ver. 1, 5, 11, 12.

(Loud, and not very flow.)

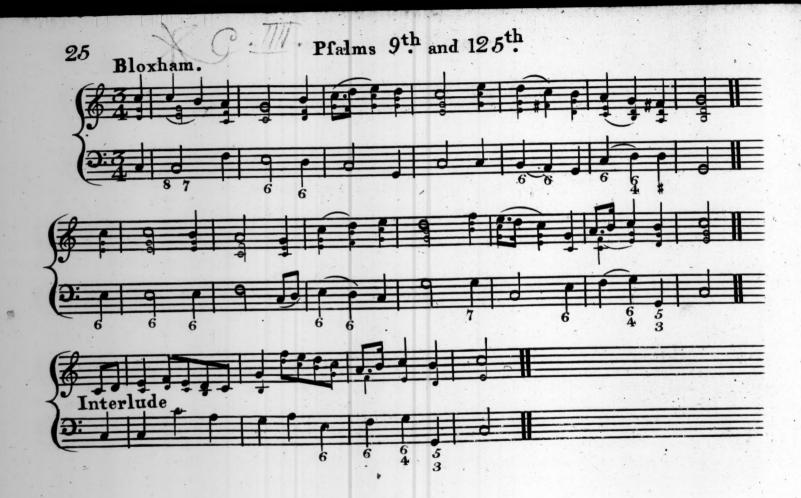
O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord, How lovely is the place, Where Thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st The brightness of Thy face!

How bless'd are they, whose choice has Thee Their sure protection made, Who long to tread the sacred ways, That to Thy dwelling lead.

For God, our light and fure defence, Will grace and glory give; And no good thing will He withhold From them who justly live.

O God, whom heav'nly hosts obey, How highly bless'd is he, Whose hope and never-failing trust Are firmly plac'd in Thee.





PSALM IX.

Ver. 1, 2, 10, 11.

(Cheerful, and loud.)

To celebrate Thy praife, O Lord,
We will our hearts prepare;
To all the list'ning world Thy works,
Thy wondrous works declare.

The thoughts of them shall to our souls
Exalted pleasure bring;
While to Thy name, O Thou Most High
Triumphant praise we sing.
(Rather Soft.)
All those who have Thy goodness prov'd,
Will in Thy truth conside;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
Whose heart on Thee rely'd.
(Very Loud.)
Our grateful songs, O Lord, to Thee
We therefore will address;
Thy deeds proclaim, till all the world

Thy mercies shall confess.

PSALM CXXV.

(Rather flow, and moderately loud.)

Those who in God, their Saviour, trust, Like Sion's rock shall stand; Like that, immovably be fix'd, By His almighty hand.

Tho' wicked men afflict the just,
They ne'er shall long oppress;
Nor force him by despair to seek.
Base means for his redress.
(Soft.)
Be kind, O righteous God, to those
Who righteous deeds affect;

The heart that innocence retains,
Let innocence protest.

(Loud.)

All those who walk in crooked ways, The Lord will soon destroy; Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints With lasting peace and joy.

PSALM XV.

(Rather flow, and foft.)

LORD, who's the happy man that may To Thy bless'd courts repair;
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?
(Loud.)

'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought and deed By rules of virtue moves; Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak The thing his heart dis'pproves.

Who never did a flander raife,
His neighbour's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report
By malice whisper'd round.

Who vice, in all its pomp and pow'r,
Can treat with just neglest;
And piety, tho' meanly clad,
Religiously respect.
(Very Loud.)

The man, who by this steady course

Has happiness ensur'd,

When earth's foundations shake, shall stand
By Providence secur'd.

PSALM CXV.

Ver. 11.

(Rather flow, and loud.)

Let them who truly fear the Lord, On Him they fear rely; Who them in danger will defend, And all their wants supply.

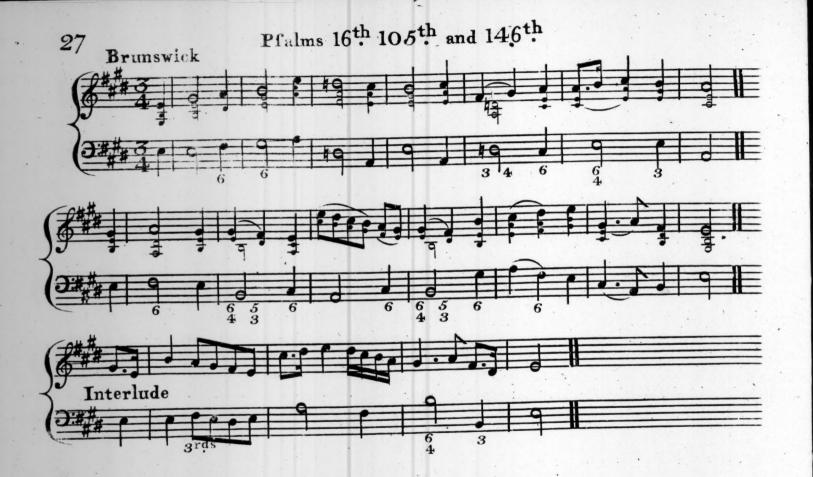
The Lord will mindful be of fuch
As do His name confess;
And them who love and keep His word,
Will never fail to bless.

The Lord, who made the heav'n and earth, In heav'n supremely reigns; The earth He gave for man's abode, And all the world sustains.

(Soft.) *
They who in death and filence fleep,
To Him no praife afford:

(Loud.)
But we will blefs for evermore
Our ever-living Lord.

Interlude



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PSALM XVI.

Ver. 8.

(Slow, and rather foft.)

O STRIVE each action to approve
To God's all-feeing eye;
Let danger not your hope remove,
Because your help is nigh.

The faithful foul vain grief defies, And doth in hope rejoice; He trusts his slesh shall surely rise, Wak'd by the Saviour's voice.

Who, when the just resign their breath,
From hell will set them free;
And will not let their souls in death
Decay, or sorrow see.

The paths of life He does display,
That to His presence lead;
Where pleasures are without allay,
And joys which never sade.

PSA-LM CV.

(Loud, and cheerful.)

O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord, Invoke His facred name; Acquaint the nations with His deeds, His matchless deeds proclaim.

Repeat His praise in losty hymns,
His wond'rous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in His almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd.
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly feek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord, and feek His strength, In heav'n, His feat divine, Where, thron'd in everlasting light, His glories ever shine.

PSALM CXLVI.

(Ver. 1, 7, 8, 9.)

(Moderately flow, and loud.)

O PRAISE the Lord, and thou, my foul, For ever blefs His name: His wond'rous love, while life shall last, My constant praise shall claim.

The poor, when fore oppress'd with wrong,
Are eas'd by His decree;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And sets the pris'ners free.

By Him the blind receive their fight, The weak and fall'n He rears: With kind regard, and tender love, He for the righteous cares.

The stranger He preserves from harm,
The orphan kindly treats;
Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of wicked men defeats.

PSALM XVIII.

Ver. 2, 30, 31, 49.

(Rather flow, and moderately loud.)

Thou our deliv'rer art, O God,
Our trust is in Thy mighty pow'r;
Thou art our shield from foes abroad,
At home, our faseguard and our tow'r.

Thy way, O God, is pure indeed,
Thy word will bear the utmost test;
A friend Thou art to all who need,
And on Thy sure protection rest.

Who then deferves to be ador'd,

But God, on whom our hopes depend?

Or who, except the mighty Lord,

Can with refiftles pow'r defend?

(Very Loud.)

Therefore, to celebrate His fame,
Our voices we to heav'n will raife;
And nations, strangers to His name,
Shall thus be taught to sing His praise.

PSALM CVII.

Ver. 23.

(Rather flow, and moderately loud.)

THEY who in ships, with courage bold, O'er swelling waves their trade pursue, Do God's amazing works behold, And in the deep His wonders view.

No fooner His command is past,
But forth a dreadful tempest slies,
Which sweeps the sea with rapid haste,
And makes the stormy billows rise.

Sometimes the ships, toss'd up to heav'n,
On tops of mountain waves appear;
Then down the steep abyss are driv'n,
(Soft.)
While ev'ry soul dissolves with fear.

They reel and stagger to and fro,

Like men with sumes of wine oppress'd;

Nor do the skilful seamen know

Which way to steer, what course is best.

Then straight to God's indulgent ear,

They do their mournful cry address,

(Loud.)

Who graciously vouchsafes to hear, And frees them from their deep distress,

PSALM CXXXIX.

(Slow, and rather foft.)

My ways, O Lord, to Thee are known, My rifing up and laying down: My fecret thoughts are known to Thee, Before they are conceiv'd by me.

Thine eye my bed and path furveys, My public deeds, and private ways: Surrounded by Thy pow'r I stand, On ey'ry side I feel Thy hand.

O! could I fo perfidious be, To think of once deferting Thee! Where, Lord, could I Thy influence shun, Or whither from Thy presence run?

Thou know'st the secrets of my heart; If evil lurk in any part, Correct me when I go astray, And guide me in the perfect way.



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PSALM XIX.

(Moderately loud, and not too flow).

THE fpacious firmament on high, With all the blue ethereal fky; And fpangled heav'ns, a fhining frame, Their great original proclaim.

Th'unwearied fun, from day to day, .
Does his Creator's pow'r difplay;
And publifhes to ev'ry land, .
The work of an almighty hand.

And when the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.

Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets in their turn, Confirm the tidings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

In Reafon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever finging as they fhine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

P.S.A. L.M. LXV*.

Ver. 9.

Loud, and cheerful.

THE Lord from heav'ns exhaustless store, With rain relieves the thirsty ground, Makes lands which barren were before, Wish corn and useful fruits abound.

On floping ridges down it pours,
And ev'ry furrow'd valley fills;
Thus Providence in fruitful fhow'rs,
For man, a blefs'd increase distils.

His goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown;
In this His glorious ways appear,
And fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

Large fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
The fertile fields with herbage fpring;
The valleys stand so thick with corn,
They seem for joy to laugh and sing.

PSALM XCVII.

Ver. 1, 10, 11, 12.

(Loud, and not too flows)

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth In His just government rejoice; Let all the isles, with sacred mirth, In His applause unite their voice. (Rather Soft.)

You who to ferve the Lord afpire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth efteem;
He'll keep His fervants' fouls entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.

For feeds are fown of glorious light,
A future harvest for the just;
And gladness for the heart that's right,
To recompense its pious trust.

(Very Loud.)
Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord,
And let your voice your thanks express;
Deep in your faithful hearts record,
Memorials of His holiness.

^{*} This Pfalm should only be performed when it is proper for the season.

PSALM XXIII.

(Not too quick, and rather foft.)

THE Lord our pasture does prepare, And feeds us with a shepherd's care; His presence doth our wants supply. And guards us with a watchful eye; Our noon-day walks He doth attend, And all our midnight hours defend.

When in the fultry glebe we faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant; To fertile vales and dewy meads, Our weary wand'ring steps He leads: Where peaceful rivers, fost and slow, Amid the verdant lanscape flow.

Tho' in the paths of death we tread, With gloomy horrors overfpread; Our stedfast hearts shall fear no ill, For Thou, O Lord, art with us still; Thy friendly crook will give us aid, And guide us thro' the dreadful shade.





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PSALM XXIV.

Ver. 7.

(Loud, and with spirit.)

Expanded be ye gates of light,
And wide display the heav'nly scene;
The heav'nly mansions are His right,
Receive the King of Glory in.

(Soft.)

Who is the King of Glory, who?
(Very Loud.)

The Lord, who all His foes o'ercame, Who Sin, and Death, and Hell o'erthrew, And JESUS is the Conqu'ror's name.

Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And Angels chaunt the folemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way.
(Soft.

Who is the King of Glory, who? (Very Loud.)

The Lord, of glorious pow'r posses'd, The King of Saints and Angels too, God over all, for ever bless'd.

PSALM LVII.

Ver. 7-

(Loud, and cheerful.)

O God, our hearts are firmly bent Their thankful tribute to present: Our voices with our hearts we'll raise To Thee, O God, in songs of praise.

Awake each tongue, God's Glory fing, Awake to praise your heav'nly King: Our tongues, the glory of our frame, Should all unite to praise His name.

Thy praises, Lord, we will refound, To all the list'ning nations round: Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends, Thy truth beyond the sky extends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high; And as Thy glory fills the sky, So let it be on earth display'd, Till Thou art ev'ry where obey'd,

PSALM CL.

(Loud, and with spirit.)

O PRAISE the Lord in that blefs'd place From whence His goodnefs largely flows; Praife Him in heav'n, where He His face, Unveil'd, in perfect glory flows.

Praise Him for all the mighty acts
Which He in our behalf has done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

Let trumpets shrill, with warlike voice, Make rocks and hills His praise rebound; Let ev'ry tongue in praise rejoice, And join the organ's solemn sound.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
Praise God, from whom all bleffings flow;
Let grateful strains the voice employ
Of all above and all below.

PSALM XXV.

Ver. 8.

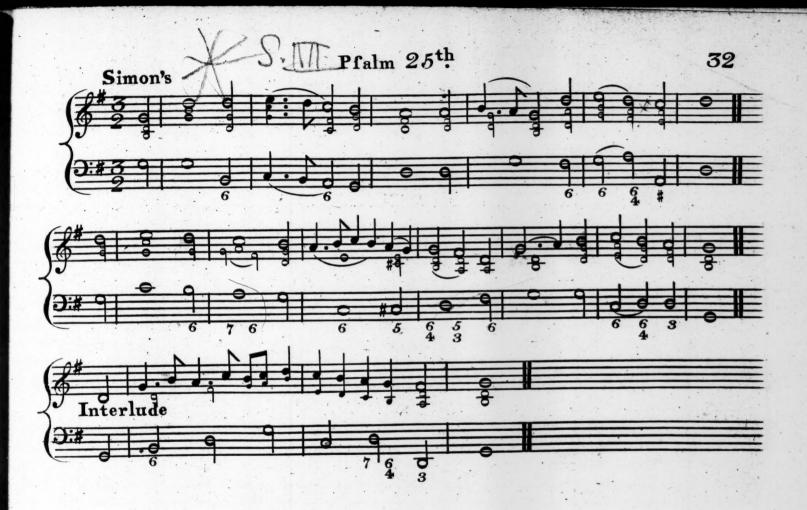
(Moderately loud, and not too flow.)

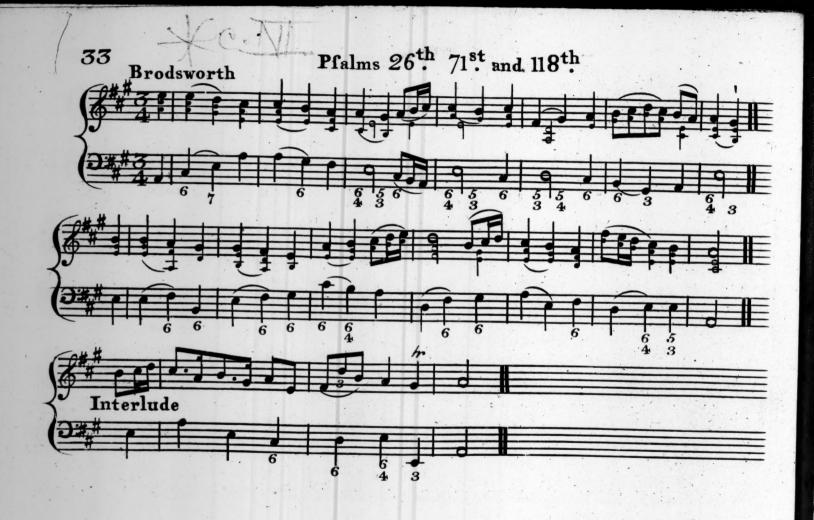
His mercy and His truth,
The righteous Lord displays.
In bringing wand'ring finners home,
And teaching them his ways.

He those in justice guides
Who His directions seek;
And in His sacred paths will lead
The humble and the meek.

Through all the ways of God,'
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as with religious hearts
To His bless'd will incline.

Whoe'er with humble fear
To God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide
In all his righteous ways.





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PSALM XXVI.

Ver. 6.

(Supplicating.)

CLEANSE Thou my hands and heart, O Lord,
And harmlefs keep my ways;
That I Thy altar may approach,
To offer thanks and praife.
(Loud.)
My thanks I'll publish there, and tell

My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
How Thy renown excels;
That place affords me most delight
In which Thy honour dwells.

(Supplicating.)

rotect me with Thy helping grace,
Thy mercies, Lord, renew;
That innocence I still may keep,
And paths of truth pursue.
(Loud.)

Jpheld by Thee, my feet stand fast, I still maintain my ground; And in Thy congregation, Lord, Thy praises will resound.

PSALM LXXI.

Ver. 6, 7, 9, 23.

(Mederately loud, and flow.)

O God, Thy constant care did guard Our tender infant days, That we might show abroad Thy truth, And sing Thy constant praise.

And now, thro' life's bewild'ring ways,
Thy hand supports us still;
Thy honour, therefore, and Thy praise,
Our mouths shall always fill.
(Soft.)

Reject not then Thy fervants, Lord,
When we with age decay;
Forfake us not, when, worn with years,
Our strength shall sade away.
(Loud.)

Then joyfully to Thee, O Lord, Shall we lift up our voice; Our grateful fouls, by Thee redeem'd, Shall in Thy pow'r rejoice.

PSALM CXVIII.

Ver. 14, 16, 22, 29.

. (Cheerful, and loud.)

THE Lord, the Saviour, is our strength,
And justly claims our fongs;
The honour of redeeming love
To Him alone belongs.

He, by His own refiftless pow'r,
Hath endless honour won;
The saving strength of His right hand,
Amazing works hath done.

That which the builders once refus'd,
Is now the corner stone;
This is the wond'rous work of God,
The work of God alone.

O let us all give thanks to God, Who does fo gracious prove; And let the tribute of our praise Be endless as his love.

PSALM XXIX.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 10.

(Loud and majestic, but not too slow.) .

Your grateful facrifice prepare; God's glorious actions loudly tell, To all mankind His pow'r declare.

To his great name your voices raise, Devoutly due respect afford; Him in His holy temple praise, Where He's most solemnly ador'd.

'Tis God, who, with amazing noise
The wat'ry clouds afunder breaks;
The ocean trembles at His voice,
When He from heav'n in thunder speaks.

He rules the raging floods on high,
His boundless pow'r shall never cease;
His people's wants He will supply,
And bless them with His constant peace.

PSALM CVI.

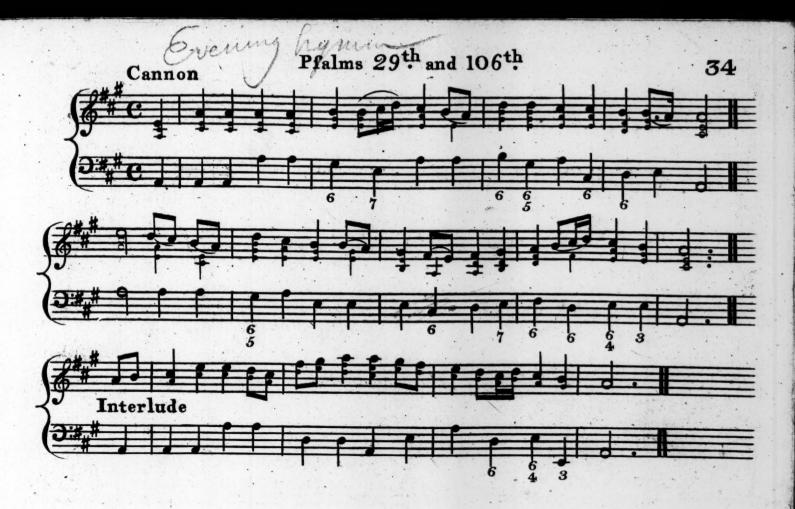
(Loud and majestic, but not too slow.)

O RENDER thanks to God above, The fountain of eternal love; Whose mercy firm, thro' ages past Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can His mighty deeds express, His deeds so great and numberless? What mortal eloquence can raise His tribute of immortal praise.

They happy are, and only they, Who from His statutes never stray; Who know what's right, not only so, But always practice what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord, Thou to the righteous dost afford; When Thou return'st to set them free, Let Thy salvation visit me.





PSALM XXX.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 12.

(Rather flow, and loud.)

THY praise, O Lord, we celebrate, Who didst Thy pow'r employ, To raise us up, and give us hope Of everlasting joy. (Soft.)

Our fouls from death Thou hast retriev'd, And quite dispell'd our fear! Our voices, when to Thee we cry, Thou dost vouchsafe to hear. (Loud.)

To Thee shall therefore all the world With songs of praise repair; With us commemorate Thy truth And providential care.

For favours past, we'll gladly sing Thy praise in grateful verse; And, as Thy mercies endless are, Thy endless praise rehearse.

PSALM CXXI.

(Rather flow, and foft.)

To Heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
From thence expecting aid,
From Him, who there hath fix'd His feat,
Who heav'n and earth hath made.

Be still, my foul, in safety rest, Thy Guardian will not sleep; His watchful, never-failing care, Will thee in safety keep.

Beneath th'Almighty's shelt'ring wings, Thou shalt securely rest; Where neither sun shall scorch by day, Nor moon by night molest.

From num'rous accidental ills
Thy God will thee defend;
And will thro' life conduct thee fafe
Unto thy journey's end.

PSALM XXXIII.



Ver. 1, 24, 18.

(Loud, and cheerful.)

Let all the just to God, with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To fing glad songs of praise.

Let all the pow'rs that men can raise,
In joyful concert meet;
And new-made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.

For faithful is the word of God, His works with truth abound. He justice loves, and all the earth Is with His goodness crown'd.

The Lord does those who in Him trust Behold with gracious eyes; His mercy frees their souls from death, And all their wants supplies.

PSALM XCVIII.

(Loud, and cheerful.)

O SING to God a new-made fong, Who wond'rous things has done; With His right hand, and holy arm, The conquest he has won.

The Lord has, thro' th'astonish'd world, Display'd his saving might; And made his righteous acts appear In all the heathen's sight.

Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise;
And all, with universal joy,
Resound their Saviour's praise.

Your instrumental harmony
Into the concert bring;
Let all the pow'rs of music join
To praise th'Almighty King.

PSALM CXLVII.

Ver. 1, 3, 5, 11.

(Loud, and cheerful.)

O FRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy, And celebrate his fame: For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis To praise his holy name.

He guides the planets as they roll, Their course and order knows; In man, He heals th'afflisted soul, And all its wounds can close.

Supreme in pow'r, immensely great, His wisdom has no bound; The meek he raises up, but throws The wicked to the ground.

To all who fear His holy name, His mercy does extend; Who, trusting in his boundless grace, On him alone depend,





PSALM XXXIV.

Ver. 12, 14, 15, 22.

(Moderately loud, and rather flow.)

Let them, who length of life defire,
And profp'rous days would fee,
From fland'ring language keep their tongues,
Their lips from falsehood free.

The crooked paths of vice decline,
And virtue's ways purfue;
Establish peace where 'tis begun,
And where 'tis lost, renew.

The Lord from heav'n beholds the just.
With favourable eyes;
And, when distress'd, His gracious ear.
Is open to their cries.

The Lord preserves the souls of those Who on His truth depend; To them and their posterity, His blessings will descend.

PSALM CXIX.

Ver. 114, 133, 144, 175.

(Moderately loud, and rather flow.)

My hiding-place, my refuge, tow'r,
And shield, art Thou, O Lord:
I firmly anchor all my hope
On thy unerring word.

Directed by Thy heav'nly word.
Let all my footsteps be;
And let not fin of any kind.
Dominion have of me.

Eternal and unerring rules
Thy testimonies give:
Teach me the wisdom that will make
My Soul for ever live.

Prolong my life, that I may fing
My great Reftorer's praife;
Whose mercy, from the depth of woe,
My fainting soul will raise,

PSALM XXXVI.

Ver. 5.

(Loud, and rather flow.)

O LORD, Thy mercy, our fure hope,
Above the heav'nly orb afcends;
Thy facred truth's unmeasur'd scope,
Beyond the sky, that wide expanded arch, exstends.

Thy justice, like the hills, remains,
Unfathom'd depths Thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains,
All nature shows the whole creation is Thy care.

Since of Thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt ring wing their refuge make,
And saints on earth to Thy protection firmly trust.

Such guests shall to Thy courts be led,
To banquet on Thy love's repast,
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Celestial joys, that to eternity shall last.

PSALM XCVI.

(Loud, and cheerful.

Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
Address the Lord in grateful song;
The great Redeemer's praise resound,
Whose wond'rous love hath sinners with salva
[tion crown'd.
Declare His works and bless His name,
From day to day His praise proclaim;
To heathen lands His same rehearse,
Proclaim aloud His wonders to the universe.

With majesty and honour crown'd,
What strength and beauty Him surround!
Ascribe that honour to His name,
Which God alone from mortal man can justly
(Rather Soft.) [claim.
To worship at His sacred court,
Let all the trembling world resort:
(Very Loud.)
Proclaim aloud JEHOVAH reigns, [tains.
The mighty God! whose pow'r the universe suf-

The last line of each verse in these two Psalms is lengthened agreeable to the Tune, in order to prevent breaking the Words.





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PSALM XLI.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 13.

(Moderately flow, and loud.)

THE man is blefs'd, whose tender care Relieves the poor distrefs'd; When troubles compass him around, The Lord will give him rest.

The Lord his life, with bleffings crown'd,
In fafety will prolong;
And disappoint the will of those
Who feek to do him wrong.
(Soft.)

If he, in weak and languid flate,
Oppress'd with fickness, lie;
The Lord will easy make his bed
And inward strength supply.
(Loud.)

Let therefore Ifrael's Lord and God From age to age be blefs'd; And let the people's glad applaufe Be fervently express'd.

PSALM LXXXI.

(Cheerful, and with fpirit.

To God, our never-failing strength, With loud applauses sing; Let ev'ry heart and voice unite To praise th' Eternal King.

Compose an hymn of praise, and touch Your instruments of joy; Let each harmonious pleasing sound Your grateful skill employ.

Let trumpets in the concert join, And men their voices raife, To celebrate the pow'r of God, On folemn days of praise.

For this a statute was of old By Jacob's God decreed, To be with pious care observ'd By all the faithful seed.

HYMN FOR EASTER DAY.

(Moderately flow, and loud.)

Since Christ, our Passover, is slain, A sacrifice for all; Let all with thankful hearts agree To keep the festival.

Not with the leaven, as of old,
Of fin and malice fed;
But with unfeign'd fincerity,
And Truth's unleaven'd bread.

Christ being rais'd by pow'r divine,
And rescu'd from the grave,
Shall die no more; Death shall on Him
No more dominion have.

For us he did vouchfafe to die,
From guilt to fet us free;
But now He lives, He lives to God,
To all eternity.

So count yourselves as dead to sin;
But graciously restor'd,
And made henceforth alive to God,
Thro' JESUS CHRIST, our Lord.

PSALM XLVII.

Ver. 1, 5, 7, 9.

(Loud, and majestic.)

To God, the Lord, your praise advance, And with triumphant voices sing: No force the mighty pow'r withstands Of God, the Universal King.

Ascended is our Lord and King,
His praise proclaim with trumpet's found;
Let ev'ry foul His praises sing,
Till hills and dales His praise rebound.

Let all your skill in praise be shown
Of Him who all the world commands;
Who sits upon His righteous throne,
And spreads His sway o'er heathen lands.

The nations far remote from hence,
Shall ferve the Lord, and spread His fame,
Who is alone our sure defence;
How great and glorious is His name!

PSALM LXVIII.

Ver. 4, 5, 6, 19.

(Loud, and majestic.)

To God your voice in gladness raise, JEHOVAH's awful name He bear's; In Him rejoice, extol His praise, Who sits above the rolling spheres.

Him, from His empire of the fkies,
To this low world compassion draws,
The orphan's claim to patronise,
And judge the injur'd widow's cause.

'Tis God, who, from a foreign foil, Restore's poor exiles to their home; Makes captives free, and fruitless toil To be their proud oppressor's doom.

For mercies, ev'ry day bestow'd,

Be daily His great name ador'd;

Who is our Saviour and our God,

Of life and death the fov'reign Lord.

PSALM CXVII.

(Loud, and majestic.)

FROM all who dwell below the skies, Let grateful praise to God arise; And let the Saviour's name be sung Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord; Eternal truth attends Thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

GLORIA PATRI.

Praise God, from whom all bleffings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.





PSALM XLVIII.

Ver. 1, 10, 11, 14.

(Loud, and cheerful.)

THE Lord, the only God, is great, And greatly to be prais'd; In Heav'n, above the vaulted sky, His facred throne is rais'd.

According to His fov'reign name, His praise thro' earth extends; His pow'rful arm, as justice guides, Chastises or defends.

Let all the earth with joy refound,
Her children all be taught,
In fongs His mercies to extol,
Who our deliv'rance wrought.

This God is ours, and will be ours,
While we in him confide;
He now preserves us, and we trust—
Till death will be our guide.

PSALM CXXVIII.

(Moderately loud, and not too flow.)

THE man is blefs'd who fears the Lord, And fervent worship pays; Who keeps his steps confin'd with care To God's appointed ways.

'He shall upon the sweet returns Of his own labour feed; Without dependence live, and see His wishes all succeed.

Who fears the Lord, shall prosper thus,
For him the Lord will bless,
And grant him all his days to see
His family's success.

He shall live on till heirs from him Descend with vast increase; And, in his suture prospect bles'd, Shall leave the world in peace.

PSALM LXII.

Ver. 1, 7, 8, 11.

(Moderately loud, and rather flow.)

Our fouls for help on God rely,
From whom our health and fafety flow;
The Lord, our rock, will strength supply,
And save us from eternal woe.

He does His faving health dispense, And slowing blessings daily send; He is our fortress and defence, On him our souls shall still depend.

In Him, ye people, always truft,

Before His throne pour forth your hearts;

For God, the merciful and just,

His timely aid to man imparts.

The Lord hath oft His will express'd,
And we this truth have fully known,
To be of boundless pow'r posses'd
Belongs of right to God alone.

PS'ALM CILL

(Loud, and rather flow.)

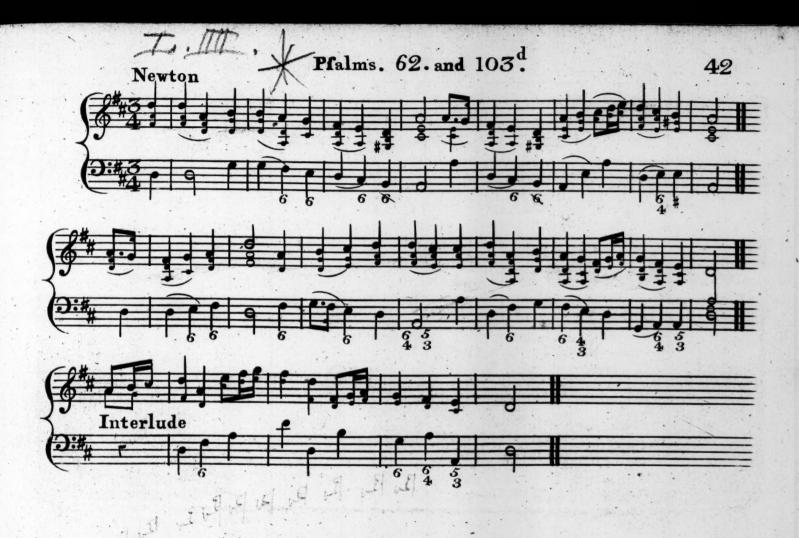
Let us, inspired with facred love,
God's holy name for ever bles;
Of all His mercies mindful prove,
And gratefully our thanks express.

(Soft.)

'Tis He who all our fins forgives,
And, after fickness, makes us found;
From fin and death our souls retrieves,
By Him we are with mercy crown'd.
(Loud.)

As high as heav'n its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much His boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.

As far as 'tis from east to west, So far He does our fins remove; And, with a father's tender breast, Doth such as fear Him ever love.





PSALM LXVI.

Ver. 1, 4, 19, 20.

(Loud, and cheerful.)

LET all mankind with grateful joy, To God their voices raife, Sing pfalms in honour of His name, And spread His glorious praife.

Thro' all the earth, the nations round Shall Him their God confess; And with glad hymns their awful sense Of His great name express. (Soft.)

Our God to us whene'er we cry His gracious audience bends; And to the voice of our requests With tender love attends. (Loud.)

Then bles'd for ever be the Lord, Who never, when we pray, With-holds His mercy from our Souls, Nor turns His face away.

PSALM CXXXV.

Ver. 1, 2, 20, 21.

(Loud, and cheerful.)

O PRAISE the Lord with one confent,
And magnify His name;
Let all the fervants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

O praise him ye that round His throne Attend with constant care; And those who to His church on earth, With humble zeal repair.

Their fense of His unbounded love, Let all mankind express; And let all those that fear the Lord, His name and mercies bless.

Let us, with thanks, His wond'rous works
Within His courts proclaim:
Let all the world with one confent
Exalt His holy name.

PSALM LXVII.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7.

(Rather foft, and not too quick.)

To bless the Christian race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On ev'ry soul to shine.

That fo Thy wond'rous way

May thro' the world be known;

While distant lands their tribute pay,

And thy falvation own.

(Very Loud.)

Let various nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious name.

Let them rejoice and fing,
With reverential mirth;
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Doft govern all the earth.

PSALM CXXX.

Ver. 5.

(Slow, and tenderly.)

Our fouls with patience wait

For Thee, the living Lord:

Our hopes are on Thy promise built,

Thy never-failing word.

Our longing eyes look out For Thy enliv'ning ray; As duly as the morning watch To fpy the dawning day.

O let us trust in God,
No bounds His mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour slows,
(No interlude.)
Whose friendly streams to us

Whose friendly streams to us Supplies in want convey; A healing spring, a spring to cleanse And wash our guilt away.

HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

(Moderately flow, and rather foft.)

Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the forrow from our minds,

Cheer each desponding heart
With visitation sweet;
Give us to pray with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet,

The darkness from our eyes.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breafts the flame
Of never-dying love.

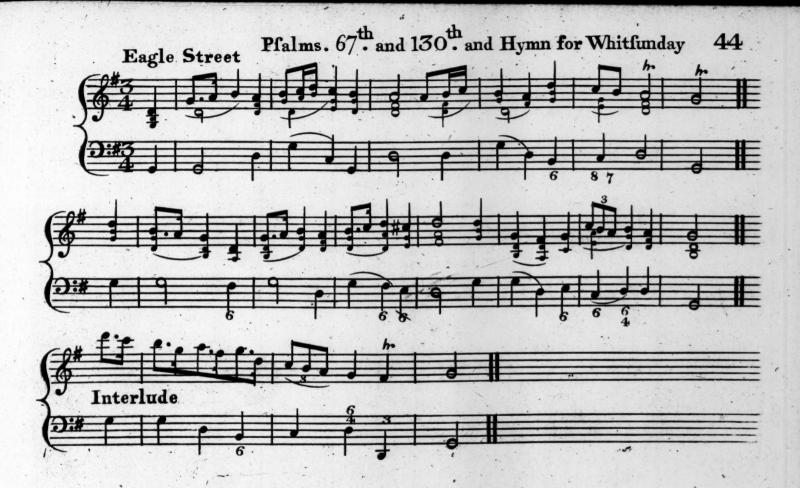
Convince us of our fin,

Then lead to JESU's blood;

And to our wond'ring view reveal

The fecret love of God.

'Tis thine to cleanfe the heart,
T'illuminate the foul;
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.





To (So)

We The (So)

For By (Sof (Lo

Post (So)

PSALM LXXXIX.

(Ver. 1, 2, 5, 13.)

(Loud, and rather flow.)

Our fouls on them shall ever dwell;
To children yet unborn, our tongues
(Soft.) Thy never-failing truth shall tell.
(Loud.) Thy never-failing, &c.

We now affirm, and will maintain,
Thy mercy shall for ever last.
Thy truth, that does the heav'ns sustain,
(Soft.) Like them, shall stand for ever fast.
(Loud.) Like them, &c.

For such stupendous truth and love,
Both heav'n and earth just praises owe,
By choirs of angels sung above,
(Soft.) And by affembl'd saints below.
(Loud.) And by, &c.

Thy arm is mighty, strong Thy hand,
Yet, Lord, Thou dost with justice reign;
Posses'd of absolute command,
(Soft.) Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.
(Loud.) Thou truth, &c.

PSALM CXII.

(Loud, and rather flow.)

THAT man is bleft who stands in awe
Of God, and loves His sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
(Soft.) And with successive honours crown'd.
(Loud.) And with, &c.

His house, the seat of wealth, shall be.
An inexhausted treasury:
His justice, free from all decay,
(Soft.) Shall blessings to his heirs convey.
(Loud.) Shall blessings, &c.

The foul that's fill'd with virtue's light, Shines brightest in affliction's night:

To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
(Soft.) As well as just to all mankind.
(Loud.) As well as, &c.

And, tho' beset with dangers round, Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground: The sweet remembrance of the just (Soft.) Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust. (Loud.) Shall flourish, &c.

OCCASIONAL HYMN.

(Loud, and rather flow.)

O Gon, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above,
(Soft.) Descend on us like early dew.
(Loud.) Descend, &c.

Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
(Soft.) And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.
(Loud.) And quickens, &c.

Our pow'rs we yield to Thy command,
To Thee we consecrate our days;
Perpetual bleffings from thy hand,
(Soft.) Demand perpetual songs of praise.
(Loud.) Demand, &c.

PSALM XC.

Ver. 3, 5, 9, 12.

(Slow, and folemn.)

THOU turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
From which he first was made;
And, when Thou speak'st the word "Return."
Thy voice must be obey'd.

In youth, we flourish like the grass Which feels the morning beams; In age, worn out and weak, we fall, And vanish hence as dreams.

Beneath Thy anger's fad effects, Our drooping days we spend; Our unreguarded years break off, Like tales that quickly end.

So teach us, Lord, to fpend our days, And life's short date to mind: That, while on earth, to wisdom true, Our hearts may be inclin'd,





PSALM XCII.

(Loud, and cheerful.)

How good and pleasant must it be To thank the Lord most high; And with repeated hymns of praise, His name to magnify!

With ev'ry morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate;
And, of His constant truth, each night,
The glad effects repeat.

To founding inftruments we'll fing In harmony combin'd; And join the organ's folemn found, For facred use design'd.

For thro' Thy wond'rous works, O Lord, Thou mak'ft our hearts rejoice; The thoughts of them shall make us glad, And sing with cheerful voice.

PSALM CXXXIII.

(Moderately lova, and not too flow.)

How good and pleafant are the liv.

Of brethren who agree,

Who live in love, as well becomes

The friends of piety.

Such love is like the facred oil,
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.

(Soft.)

As show'rs from heav'n refresh the fields,
And fruitfulness distil,
And as the kindly dews descend
On ev'ry fruitful hill;
(Loud,—No interlude.)

So G od to those whose righteous hearts
With friendship thus abound,
Has firmly promis'd length of days,
With constant blessings crown'd.

PSALM XCV.

(Loud, and cheerful.)

O COME loud praises let us sing, In thanks to our Almighty King; For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's Rock we praise.

Now in His presence, let us haste To thank Him for His favours past; To Him address in joyful songs, The praise that to His name belongs.

For God the Lord, enthron'd in state, Unrivall'd rules, in glory great: The spacious earth is in His hand, The sea He made, and does command.

O let us to His courts repair, And bow with adoration there, Upon our knees, devoutly fall, And on the Lord, our Maker, call.

PSALM CXI.

Ver. 3.

(Loud, and not too flow.)

Gon's works are all of matchless fame, And universal glory claim; His truth, confirmed thro' ages past, Shall to eternal ages last.

By precepts God hath us enjoin'd
To keep his wond'rous works in mind;
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is the Lord.

His bounty, like a flowing tide, Hath all His fervants' wants supplied: His mercy is for ever sure. And will, till time shall end, endure.

Just are the dealings of His hands, Immutable are His commands; By truth and equity sustain'd, And for eternal rules ordain'd.





PSALM C.

(Loud, and moderately flow.)

Y E people all, on earth who dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice: Serve Him with fear, His mercies tell, Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

For know, the Lord is God alone;
Know, that from Him we all proceed:
He made, He claims us for His own,
The sheep that in His pasture feed.
(Loud.)

O enter then His gates with praise;
Approach His courts with holy joy;
Your hearts with warm devotion raise;
Your tongues in grateful hymns employ.

For God is gracious, just, and good, His mercy is for ever fure: His truth at all times firmly stood, And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM CIV.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 7.

(With fpirit.)

BLESS God, O my foul, rejoice in His name; O Lord, let my voice Thy greatness proclaim; Surpassing in glory, dominion, and might, Thy throne is the heaven, Thy robe is the light. In God, our Creator, now let us rejoice.

The fky we behold a curtain display'd, The chambers of heav'n on waters are laid; The clouds are a chariot Thy glory to bear, On winds Thou art wafted, Thou rideft on air.

Thy will is perform'd by angels on high; As rapid as fire Thy ministers fly: The earth on its basis is firmly Tustain'd, And fix'd in the flation Thy wisdom ordain'd.

* Descending on hills clouds plenteousness pour, All nature revives, earth smiles in the show'r; A garment of verdure apparels the plain, Fruits swell in the garden, fields wave with their grain.

PSALM CXLIX.

(Loud, and cheerful.)

O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice. His praise in the great affembly to fing; Ye children of Sion, be glad in your King.

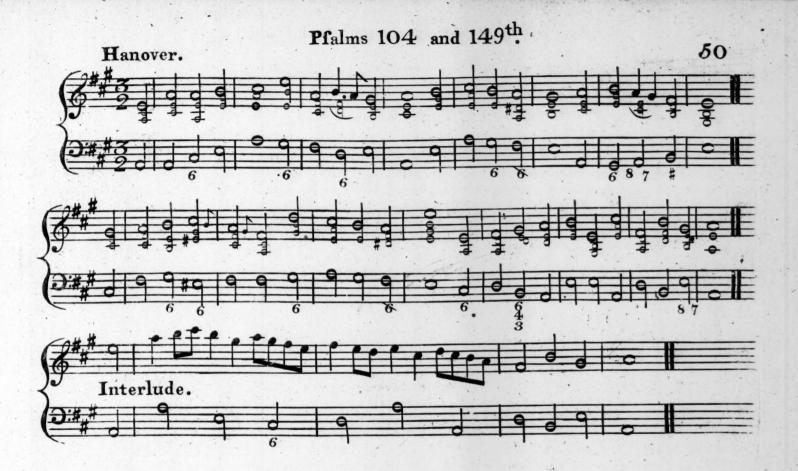
Let us in our mirth extol His great name, With voices of joy His praises express, Whose love condescended mankind to redeem, And with His falvation the humble to bless.

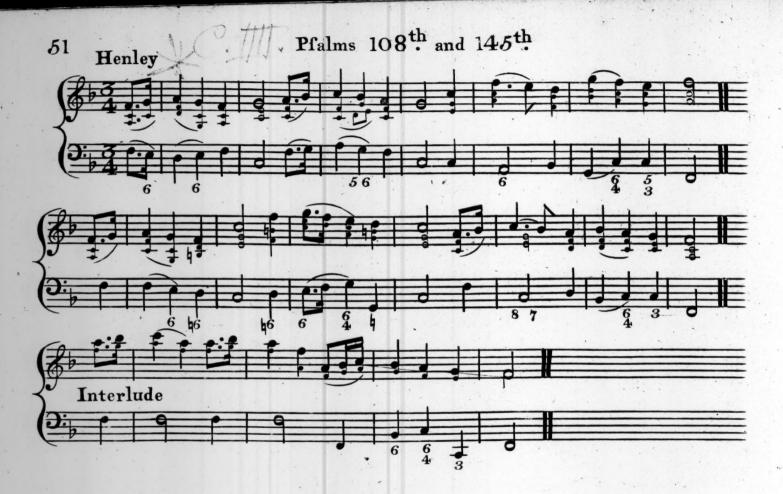
GLORIA PATRI.

By angels, and men, of ev'ry degree, All glory, and praise, and thanks be addrefs'd.

As 'twas from beginning and ever shall be, To God in three persons, one God ever bless'd.

^{*} This last Verfe should be omitted, when it is not applicable to the Seafon.





PSALM CVIII.

(Loud, and cheerful.)

O God, our hearts are fully bent To magnify Thy name; Our tongues, with cheerful fongs of praise, Shall celebrate Thy fame.

Because Thy mercy's boundless height The highest heav'n transcends, And far beyond th'aspiring clouds Thy faithful truth extends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess Thy giorious name.

Then all Thy faithful people Thee
Their Saviour shall declare;
And Thou Thy servants wilt defend,
And hear their humble prayer.

PSALM CXLV.

(Loud, and cheerful.) .

WE Thee extol, O God and King, Thy endless praise proclaim; This tribute daily we will bring, And ever bless Thy name.

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd;
Thy greatness is, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.

Renown'd for mighty acts, Thy fame
To future time extends;
From age to age Thy glorious name
Successively descends.

While we Thy glory and renown,
And wond'rous works express;
The world with us Thy might shall own,
And majesty consess.

PSALM CXIII.

(Cheerful, but not too fast.)

Y E people all who ferve the Lord,
O praise your God with one accord,
For ever blessed be his name;
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
His noble acts aloud proclaim.

His mercy, equal to His might,
Vouchsafes on earth to bend His fight;
Of matchless pow'r and strength is He:
He through the world extends his sway;
The regions of eternal day
The brightness of His glory see.

He bows His gracious head to view
What the bright hofts of heav'n purfue,
Yet turns His eye to earthly things:
His fov'reign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And fets them in the courts of kings.





PSALM CXXXVI.

Ver. 1, 4, 6, 25.

(Loud, and moderately quick.)

To God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To Him due praise afford,
Whose mercies are so great;
For God does prove our constant friend;
His boundless love will never end.

By His almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heav'ns by His command
Were to perfection brought.
Who still does prove, &c.

He fpread the ocean round About the spacious land; And made the rising ground Above the waters stand: And still does prove, &c.

He does the food supply
On which all creatures live:
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give;
Who still does prove our constant friend,
Whose boundless love will never end.

PSALM CXLVIII.

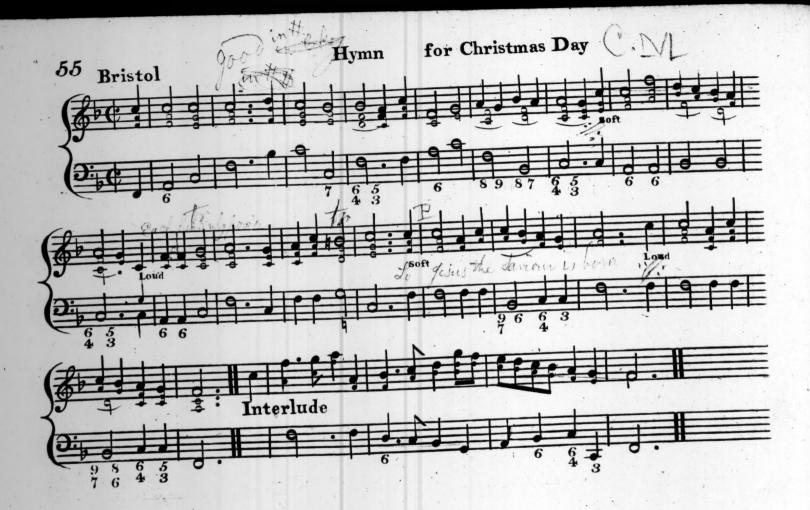
(Cheerful, but majestic.)

Let ev'ry creature join
To praise th'eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah,
Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, (Very Slow.)
Praise ye the Lord.

Thou fun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays;
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling slames,
Display your Maker's praise.
Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, &c.

He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame;
By His command they stand or move,
And ever speak His name.
Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, &c.





HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

(Loud, and cheerful.)

I.

Lift up your heads in joyful hope Salute the happy morn:

(Soft.) Salute, &c.

(Loud.) Each heavenly pow'r proclaimsthe glad hour,

(Soft.) Lo JESUS, the Saviour is born!

(Loud.) Lo JESUS, &c.

II. IV. Good will from heav'n is kindly shown All glory be to God on high, (Loud.) (Loud.) To Him all praise is due; To Adam's helpless race; (Soft.) To Adam's, &c. To Him, &c. (Soft.) (Loud.) The promife is feal'd, the Saviour's reveal'd, (Loud.) MESSIAH is come to ranfome his awn, And proves that the record is true. (Soft.) To fave them by infinite grace. (Soft.) And proves, &c. (Loud.) To fave them, &c. (Loud.) III. V. Let joy around, like rivers flow, (Loud.) Then let us join the heav'ns above, (Loud.) Flow on, and still increase; Where hymning Seraphs fing; (Soft.) Flow on, &c. [birth. (Soft.) Where hymning, &c. (Loud.) Spread o'er the glad earth at JESUS His (Loud.) Join all the glad pow'rs, for their Lord is ours. (Soft.) For heaven and earth are at peace. (Soft.) Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King. (Loud.) For heaven, &c. (Loud.) Our Prophet, &c.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

(Loud, and cheerful.)

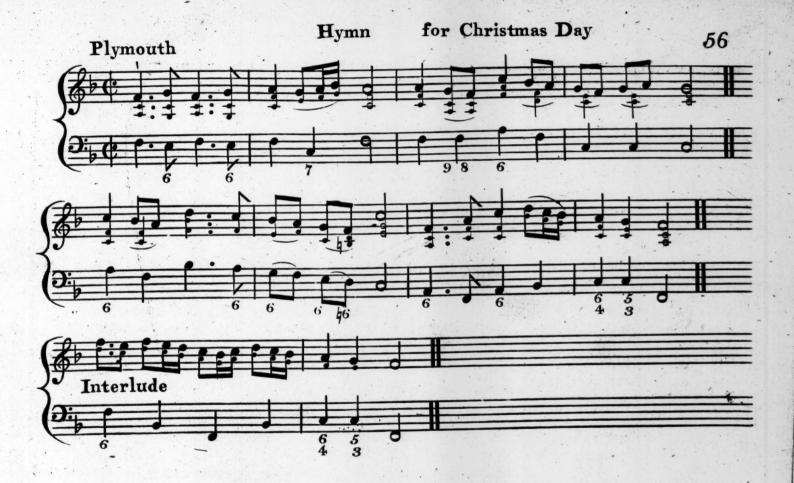
HARK! the herald angels fing, Glory to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and finners reconcil'd.

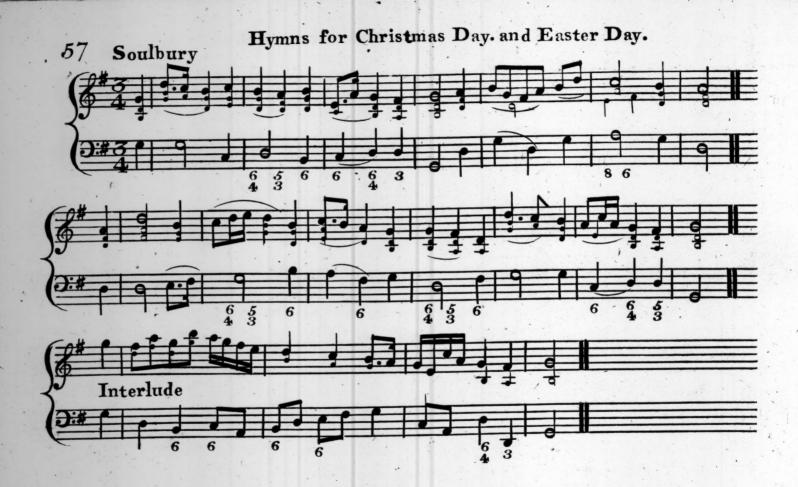
Joyful all ye nations rise, Join the triumphs of the skies; With th'angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace;
Hail the Sun of Righteousness.
(Soft.)

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth,
Born, to give them second birth.
(Loud.)

Hark! the herald angels fing, Glory to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and finners reconcil'd,





HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

(Moderately loud, and not too flow.)

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by Reclining on the ground; [night, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around.

Fear not, said He, (for mighty dread Had seiz'd their troubled mind;) Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all mankind.

To you, this day in David's town,
Is born, of David's line,
A SAVIOUR, who is CHRIST the LORD,
And this shall be the fign.

There shall you find the heav'nly babe,
To human view display'd,
But meanly wrapp'd in swaddling clothes,
And in a manger laid.
(Very Loud.)
All glory be to God on high,
Who sends on earth His peace,
Good will is shown from God to man,

To last when time shall cease.

HYMN FOR EASTER DAY,

(Moderately loud, and not too flow.)

CHRIST from the dead is rais'd, and made The first-fruits of the tomb; For as by man came death, by man Did resurrection come.

For, as in Adam all Mankind
Did guilt and death derive;
So, by the righteourness of CHRIST
Shall all be made alive.

If then ye rifen are with Christ,
Seek only heav'nly things,
For Christ at God's right hand is set,
Above all earthly kings.
(Very Loud.)
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The co-eternal three.

The co-eternal three,
The highest praise, and humblest thanks,
Both now and ever be.

HYMN FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

(Slow, and folemn .- Saft.)

When deep in forrow and distress, We wretched sinners lay, With scarce a cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.

With pitying eyes, the Prince of Peace Beheld our helpless grief; He saw, and, O amazing love! He came to our relief.

Down from His bleffed feat above,
With joyful haste he fled,
For our redemption suffer'd death,
And dwelt among the dead.

(Quicker, and Loud.)
Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

Ye angels, aid our grateful joys, Strike all your harps of gold; But when you raife your highest notes, His love can ne'er be told.

FUNERAL HYMN.

(Slow, and folemn .- Rather foft.)

BLEST are the Dead who die in CHRIST,
They from their labour rest:
From Death they'll rise triumphantly,
And be for ever bless'd.

Though Death our bodies shall destroy, And none his life shall save, Yet shall we rise and say, "Where is "Thy victory, O Grave?

Grant, Lord, when we refign our breath,
We may from hell be free;
Because in death Thy Holy One
Did no corruption see.

To us the paths of life difplay, That to Thy prefence lead; Where pleasures are for ever more, And joys which never sade.

FUNERAL HYMN.

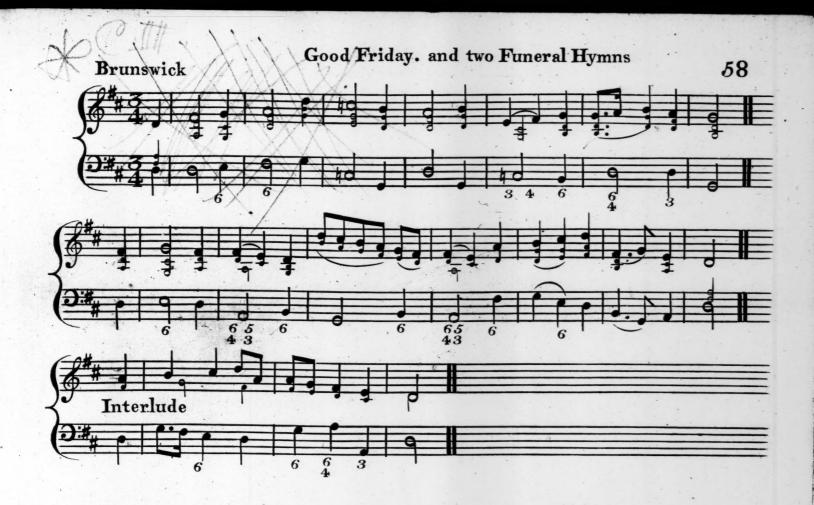
(Slow, and folemn.—Rather foft.)

How happy are the fouls above,
From fin and forrow free!
With JESUS, they are now at rest,
And all His glory fee.

O worthy Lamb, aloud they cry, That brought us here to God: In ceaseless hymns of praise they sing The merit of His blood.

With wond'ring joy they recollect Their fears and dangers past; And bless the wisdom, pow'r, and love, Which brought them safe at last.

Lord, et the merit of Thy death
To us be likewise giv'n;
That we with them may sing Thy praise
Through all the courts of Heav'n,





HYMN FOR EASTER DAY.

(Soft and Slow.)

HERE's love and grief beyond degree! The Lord of glory dies for men! But lo! what fudden joys we fee, The bleffed JESUS lives again. (Loud and with fpirit.) The rifing God forfakes the tomb! In vain the tomb forbids His rife; Cherubic Legions guard Him home, And shout Him welcome to the skies. (Rather Soft.) O then let us rejoice and tell How high our great Deliv'rer reigns; Sing how he vanquish'd Death and Hell, And bound our mortal foe in chains. (Loud and with fpirit.) O, live for ever, heav'nly King, Whose pow'r and mercy join'd to fave! Where's now, O Death, thy mortal fling? And where 's thy vict'ry, boafting grave?

HYMN FOR EASTER DAY.

(Loud, and not too fast.)

J^ESUS CHRIST is ris'n to day, Hallelujah. Our triumphant holiday. Hallelujah. Who fo meekly on the crofs Suffer'd to redeem our lofs. Hallelujah.

Hymns of praises let us sing, Hallelujah. Unto CHRIST our heav'nly King, Hallelujah. Who endur'd both cross and grave, Hallelujah. Sinners to redeem and save. Hallelujah.

But the pains which he endur'd, Our falvation have procur'd. Now he reigns eternal King, Where the angels ever fing.

Hallelujah. Hallelujah. Hallelujah. Hallelujah.











